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WHY IS IT?

BY

PROF. J. A. BOYCE.

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TESTIMONIALS.

THE author has received the following valued testimonials to the worth of his book :

ALTOONA, PA., *Sept.* 14, 1892.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN : Having carefully read the pages (in proof sheet) of the little work entitled *Why Is It?* we most cheerfully give it our indorsement. The author has put in an earnest and fresh way a great many old truths and startling facts. The work is a plea for national prohibition. The foundation evil of the evils which threaten the perpetuity of the nation, the stability of our social fabric, and the welfare of the home is, in the judgment of the author, intemperance. The body of the work, consisting of three chapters on the following topics, "Difficulties and Progress of Temperance," "Our National Problem—Is the Future of our Country worth Protecting?" and "Our Progress and our Sin," is an elucidation of the author's earnest thought touching the power and work of the drink demon. There are paragraphs in the work which breathe intense conviction upon a great subject. The whole work will make an impression upon anyone who will read it. It is in brief compass, a thing so much demanded these days. The three chapters comprising the body of the work cover but seventy-eight pages. A thoughtful and fearless sermon from the words, "Who slew all these?" 2 Kings x, 9, by Rev. Dr. Keyes, forms a fitting conclu-

sion. A preface and sundry items pertaining to our postal laws, as introductory matter, complete this little book of one hundred and seven pages, which should enjoy an extensive sale and a wide reading. That the author may realize this twofold purpose of all publications is our wish ; the higher purpose of doing good will not want accomplishment. This is certain and a central element in the author's reward. Very sincerely,

E. D. WEIGLE.

ALTOONA, PA., *Sept.* 3, 1892.

MR. J. A. BOYCE,

DEAR SIR : With pleasure and profit I have read the advanced sheets of your forthcoming book, *Why Is It? or, Our National Problem.* Your book is well printed, reads easily, and presents the arguments with which it deals in a clear and entertaining style. It should have a large sale and should be placed into the hands of all young men who expect to cast a ballot. Yours truly,

H. R. BENDER,
Pastor of Second M. E. Church, Altoona, Pa.

I have read with much interest this little work. It treats on the burning question of our nation, and contains an amount of useful knowledge that everyone ought to know. It is written in an attractive style that will carry the reader from the beginning to the end and will do very much good.

I most heartily commend the work to all, especially to young men and women. N. C. NAYLOR,
Pastor of First Baptist Church, Altoona, Pa.

I indorse the work cordially. J. W. BAIN,
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Altoona, Pa.

PREFACE.

We have not been prompted to write this little volume through animosity to any, nor for mere pastime, but for a deeper, broader, and grander object. In fact, we have stolen the time from other duties, and we regret that we cannot enter more deeply into the consideration of the subject as it affects us individually and nationally.

We beg to submit to the reader the following interrogatives, namely:

Is the propriety of national prohibition a question?

Is the whisky traffic detrimental to the happiness and prosperity of this or any country? or does it advance man's happiness in any particular?

Is it gaining or losing power in our country? Money is power. Are the people of this great nation sufficiently interested in this matter?

In our State, Pennsylvania, in 1889, about

four hundred thousand voted for whisky, about two hundred thousand voted against it, and about four hundred thousand stayed at home and did not vote. What does this show us? Four hundred thousand voters in our State who for money, or the love of evil, would come forward to support this traffic, and another four hundred thousand who, when called upon, are perfectly indifferent, in the face of all the evil, suffering, and taxation arising from the traffic. The following letter from the commissioner's office of Blair County, Pa., sent during the whisky campaign of 1889, is a fair sample of this evil, and we think will be of interest:

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE OF BLAIR COUNTY, PA.,
June 1, 1889.

A. M. Lloyd, Chairman of Blair County Temperance Union:

DEAR SIR: In reply to your favor of May 20 I will state that I have been the clerk to the Commissioners of Blair County for the period of six years. My experience and means of observation as a county official justify me in making the following answers to your interrogatories:

1. I am satisfied that at least two thirds of the

criminal cases tried in our Court of Quarter Sessions were the result of the use of intoxicating liquor. The murder cases of Rocco Pasabellow and Joseph Dillon, which were brought about when men were in a frenzy of passion caused by drink, cost the county over seven hundred dollars.

2. I believe the abolishment of the saloon would tend to a very great reduction of criminal court and almshouse expenses.

3. To fully answer your third question let us do a little figuring. The following is a statement of the expenses of criminal courts, jails, amounts paid to Western Penitentiary and to the almshouse for the year 1888:

Criminal court expenses	$7,051 36
County jail	5,226 80
Paid to Western Penitentiary	1,319 26
Almshouse	14,740 80
Total amount	$28,338 22
Received from liquor license, etc	2,953 96
Net cost to county	$25,384 26

Having personally inspected every bill of indebtedness entering into the above calculation, knowing the origin of that indebtedness, I can

freely say that three fourths of the above sum, or about twenty thousand dollars in round numbers, is the bill of reckoning which this county paid last year for the fruits of the liquor traffic. I look upon twenty thousand dollars as the net cost to the county for the support of the paupers and criminals made so by strong drink.

Very respectfully, J. C. AKERS,
Clerk of County Commissioners.

Reader, we submit these facts to you for your consideration, and we ask you to carefully read especially the three chapters bearing on the traffic of whisky; and if you can extend a helping hand to your fellow-beings who are suffering from the results of this evil, or assist in removing the curse from our country, do so, and may God bless you in the effort!

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IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR THE PUBLIC ON POSTAL SUBJECTS.

MAILING AND DIRECTING.

All mail matter should be addressed plainly, and, if to a city having a free delivery, the street and number and the post office box of the person addressed should be added, if he has any. It is well to give the county and State legibly. It is quite important for the sender to place his address plainly on the left-hand corner or end of all mail matter, so the matter can be returned to the sender if not called for at its destination, and prevent its going to the Dead Letter Office. If first-class matter it will be returned free.

AVOID POOR ENVELOPES.

Thin envelopes made of unsubstantial paper should not be used, as such envelopes are frequently torn open from handling without any fault of those who handle them. It is best to use stamped envelopes.

VALUABLE MATTER.

All valuable matter should be registered. The registry fee is only ten cents.

STAMPS AFFIXED.

Postage stamps should be placed on the upper right-hand corner of the addressed side of all mail matter, care being taken that they are securely affixed.

POSTMASTERS

are not required to make change, nor to receive more than twenty-five cents in copper or nickel coins, nor to affix stamps to letters, except as a matter of courtesy, and they must not give credit for postage stamps.

SUBSCRIBERS

who change their residence and post office address should at once notify the publishers and have the publication sent to their new address.

PRINTED MATTER

is defined by statute to be the reproduction upon paper, by any process except that of handwriting, not having the character of an actual and personal correspondence.

POSTAGE RATES

on all mailable articles are classified as first, second, third, and fourth class matter, as follows:

RATE ON FIRST-CLASS MATTER

is two cents per ounce or fraction thereof. *First Class* is all matter containing writing, whether sealed or unsealed, and also all matter sealed against inspection.

RATE ON SECOND-CLASS MATTER

is one cent per pound or fraction thereof. *Second Class* are periodical publications sent out by publishers or news agents and issued at stated intervals.

RATE ON THIRD-CLASS MATTER

is one cent per two ounces or fraction thereof. *Third Class* are books, circulars, and printed matter generally unsealed and no writing.

RATE ON FOURTH-CLASS MATTER

is one cent per ounce or fraction thereof. *Fourth Class* is merchandise, namely, all matter not embraced in the first, second, or third class, and which is not liable to destroy or damage the contents of the mail bag.

LIMIT.

All packages are limited to four pounds, except single books, and except second-class matter at pound rate.

WE ARE SERVANTS.

Law makes no allowance for ignorance, but ignorance is detrimental to happiness, progress, and true social intercourse. We are social beings, we live in this world to help one another. We are all servants, each one to the other. This service to each other is generally systematized, but, systematized or unsystematized, the more sociability and courtesy we exercise the more successful is our service. We have servants all over the civilized world laboring for us, men and women whom we never did and never will see; and whose service we could not dispense with.

Especially is this true in our great mail service. In no other department of our government, perhaps, is it so important to be informed and to render good service as in the postal service. The postal service is one of the people's greatest and most important servants at the least expense. The people, therefore, should learn to appreciate this service, and not only to be informed in, but to comply with, all the requirements of the postal laws.

What greater convenience have we? and in this progressive age how could we get along without it? We might as well live in the moon or on some inaccessible island. This great convenience outside of our cities and towns is furnished as far as possible by fourth-class post offices, the support of which depends entirely upon the community in which they are placed. First, second, and third class offices have a fixed salary based upon the amount of business they do; hence even in these cases the importance of patronage. But fourth-class post offices receive nothing from the government. Such a postmaster must furnish a room suitable for the public, fit up a lobby, an office with delivery boxes, and furnish stove, fuel, lamps, oil, and all necessary conveniences at his own expense, and as a rule he must have an assistant. He must examine, weigh, make up, determine, class, and cancel all mail delivered to the office, sell stamps, collect postage, and keep a correct account of it all. It becomes necessary for him to be ready to answer promptly and correctly all questions in regard to postal service, and hence to study carefully a thousand pages of postal laws for his guide.

He must receive, sort, back, stamp, and deliver all mail, contend with bad writing and spelling, advertise and forward mail, send out special delivery letters within one mile, notify, record, and deliver to all parties having registered mail. He must keep a record of all mail delivered for registration, giving the class, number, date, when sent, name and address of sender, and prepare receipt cards to be returned; and he must keep a daily account of all stamps, cards, etc., sold, and also of all canceled each day. But this is only a small part of the service rendered to the public in a fourth-class office

without a salary, and also the pleasant part, if there is any pleasure in it.

That which makes one think of the temptations on the mountain, or tries the patience of a Job, or sets the teeth and sours the temper is to be endured. The postmaster is expected to wait immediately on every man, woman, and child, and all school children and strangers who may wish to kill time by calling or inquiring for mail, and if they have no mail they expect the postmaster to gratify them by dropping everything and handling over all the mail in the boxes, and one by one perhaps every member of a large family will call for mail between the arrivals of mail at the office, and when told there is none they will insist that there should be a letter, a card, a paper or package, or some kind of *animal*, if nothing else, for them in the mail, and if it has not come yet then when will it come? etc. The postmaster must listen patiently to all complaints and disappointments and explain all causes of delay in the mails, etc. Example at window:

"Any mail?"

Postmaster. "No mail for you to-day."

"Isn't there mail in the M box?"

Postmaster. "Yes; but not for you."

"Well, I should have a letter to-day, and you are sure it didn't come? Could it have been miscarried? Will it come in next mail, think?"

Postmaster. "Perhaps."

Then after postmaster resumes his work:

"I want a stamp; I'm in a hurry. Is that stamp on right? Shall I drop letter in the box?"

Postmaster. "Yes'm."

"When will this letter go out?"

Postmaster. "Next mail."

"All right; don't forget to send it. O, I forgot; is there any mail for sister Sue?"

Postmaster. "No; I looked for all the family."

"Well, any mail for Cousin Minnie?"

Postmaster. "No; they were here."

At this point the lady leaves, sends another of the family, and so on.

At close of each quarter an inventory must be made and a report of all property on hand—stamps, postal cards, envelopes, etc.; also, all stamps, postal cards, etc., sold or canceled during the quarter; of all registered matter, of all special delivery business, and the total cancellation during the quarter, and remit promptly all money due the United States. For this work the postmaster receives nothing, and this is only a hint at the service rendered to the public; and under all circumstances he must keep sweet, pleasant, and polite to all.

Now if a fourth-class postmaster receives no salary and the government furnishes nothing, how can he thus give his services to the public and live? No doubt some are ignorant as regards this question, others do not care, just so they get the service, while the intelligent part of a community always do their duty. Perhaps many, if they properly understood how and what their postmaster is paid, they would be better citizens in their community and help render some compensation for service rendered. All the fourth-class postmaster receives for expenses and service rendered to the public is his commission on stamps actually canceled in the office. Many think they are doing the postmaster quite a favor when they call and ask him to quit his work and make change for them for one or two stamps. They do not seem to realize the

fact that when they ask the postmaster to wait on them, sell them stamps, make change, deliver to them their mail, etc., and then send their mail to another office to be mailed, that they are simply robbers, robbing the postmaster of his time and service. The community is better off without such citizens and such impositions.

There are over sixty thousand fourth-class postmasters in the United States who are public servants and receive no salary, but depend upon the patronage of those whom they serve and to whom they distribute mail; and yet I have known even business men of intelligence to call and request the postmaster to drop his work at any sacrifice and sell them six or a dozen stamps and make change for them, and then they would place the stamps on letters in the office and step out to the railroad station and send the letters on the train to the next office to be mailed; and those were the men who received the most mail at their office and who demanded prompt attention in delivering their mail without even thanks. If you would call on this class of people for their service without compensation they would kick quick, kick high, and kick long. Such should be invited to buy their stamps and receive their mail where they mail their letters. The public appreciate and patronize this important mail service. But the government should make better provisions for the fourth-class post offices.

It is a well-known fact that this class of postmasters are indispensable public servants without compensation, while all other government employés are adequately compensated. From five to ten cents a day and furnish a room, or perhaps in some villages from twenty to forty cents a day, is no adequate compensation for this indispensable public service.

WHY IS IT?

CHAPTER I.

DIFFICULTIES AND PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

If we go back and trace up the dark history of intemperance and intoxicants and their effects upon the human family we will find in them a brother agent with the serpent in bringing upon mankind poverty, woe, pain, and death. The Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans had intoxicating wines and strong drinks, and we find the Bible condemning them with no uncertain words; such as:

"Woe to them that are valiant to drink wine,
And men of might to drink strong drink!
For they have cast away the law of Jehovah of hosts,
And despised the word of the Holy One of Israel."
—Isa. v, 22–24.

"It is not for kings to drink wine,
Nor for princes to desire strong drink;
Lest they drink and forget the law,
And pervert the rights of any of the afflicted."
—Prov. xxx, 4, 5.

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning,
That they may follow strong drink;
That continue until night, till wine inflame them;
Therefore my people are gone into captivity."

In western and northern Europe and the British Isles we find this evil prominent. Where deadly feuds were numerous and where life was held very cheap drunkenness was universal. When the American continent was discovered the aborigines were acquainted with only a few kinds of mild intoxicants, but drunkenness was introduced with the colonies and grew with their growth, and has pervaded the American society. We find that the colonies soon passed laws to regulate or check the evils of drunkenness. The Plymouth Colony passed laws in 1658 to disfranchise drunkards.

At a very early period the license principle was recognized. The drinking habit of all classes, including even ministers, hung like a dead weight upon the progress and happiness of the people; and such cannot be wondered at when a meetinghouse could not be raised without rum, and births, marriages, and deaths were alike celebrated by a free use of intoxicating

drinks, and the ministers furnished with a good glass of the dear creature to clear the reverend throat. Thus the evil increased till we come to the midnight hour, or darkest period in the history of intemperance, which reached its culmination about the year 1825. At this time intemperance had become domesticated. On all social and festive occasions, at funerals, amid the toils of everyday labor, at the noonday meal in many families, and in the entertainment of the clergy ardent spirits were freely used.

It need not be said that this period was one of low morals. Let it be remembered that this state of affairs existed under a stringent license system; but has not intemperance always flourished under license? What an untold blessing that, in the dark days, God always had a chosen few! When the dark cloud of intemperance hung over our young republic, modern Jonadabs and Rechabs rose up as heroic defenders of virtue and sobriety.

Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and General Putnam were among the first noble advocates of temperance and virtue. The following are quotations from letters written by General

Putnam to the County Court in Connecticut, 1782:

"Gentlemen: Being an enemy to idleness, dissipation, and intemperance, I would object against any measure that would be conducive thereto. . . . Multiplying license houses promotes idleness and intemperance and ruins morals, and especially as the grand object of the candidates for license is money, and when that is the object men are not apt to be over tender of people's morals or purses."

The first temperance association in this country was organized in 1789 by respectable farmers in the State of Connecticut. The first society with a constitution and by-laws was organized in 1808, in the town of Morean, N. Y., designed to reform in public morals, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and profanity.

From this time the cause of temperance was gradually introduced through the States and taken up by the Churches, but it made slow progress. They started out by advocating temperate drinking, but soon observed that many of their temperate drinkers died drunkards. In 1840, in Baltimore, a club of six inebriates or-

ganized for social drinking, and by attending a temperance meeting and hearing an able speaker a discussion arose between them which resulted in their organizing a temperance society of total abstinence, called the Washington Society. This movement soon reached New York and spread through the States, known as the Washingtonians, and thousands signed the pledge.

Able advocates came forward, such as Rev. W. Fisk, John B. Gough, Father T. Mathew, Hon. S. B. Chase, Rev. L. Beecher, and many others. The press also gave a helping hand, such as the American Tract Society, the American Sunday School Union, and the American Temperance Union, and others. But notwithstanding these efforts to save the erring intemperance seemed to hold the fort, and through it, to the disgrace of civilization, deeds of the greatest atrocity were constantly committed by drunken men. Crime trod upon crime and blood touched blood. Even in Massachusetts, the leading State in industry, morality, and good order, the official returns in 1839 showed that the number of paupers produced by intemperance was eight thousand, costing the good people

one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and that five sixths of the four thousand in her penitentiaries were habitually intemperate.

About this time an effort was made throughout the country to suppress the whisky traffic. Several States voted "No license." In New York a great effort was made in 1846 to gain the State, and more than five sixths of the towns and cities gave majorities against license.

This caused much rejoicing by the friends of humanity and reform, but it was short-lived. The whisky men appealed to the courts on the ground that a prohibitory statute was repugnant to the laws and Constitution of the United States, but the Supreme Court at Washington decided against them. This was another victory for the cause of God and humanity. But in the State of New York joy was turned to grief. Politicians were active to make money and gain votes. The whisky force made a desperate effort, and in two hundred out of three hundred towns which had voted "no license" the decision was reversed, and in some cases by a large majority, and the Legislature gave a quietus to the temperance expectations.

The law was repealed, throwing the State back to the old statutes.

Thus the conflict between whisky and temperance, between brutality and humanity, between idleness, vice, or debauchery and the sobriety, happiness, and progress of the people and nations has been kept up through the history of our nation and also in Europe.

In England, in 1860, there was an army of 156,703 legalized dealers in the traffic, and in 1870 this army was increased to 185,124. In 1860 the legalized cost to England for intoxicants was £84.222,172, and in 1881 it was £127,074,460. This does not include the adulterated cost, or money spent for adulterated whisky, which was great.

The progress in the United States by the temperance reforms was overcome to a great extent by the wave of immigration from other lands. Many noble characters came to our shores, who were the best advocates of reform, but very many more were from the almshouses, jails, and slums of the Old World.

The Howard Society of London said that seventy-four per cent of the Irish discharged

convicts found their way to the United States. This element has had a detrimental effect upon our society and the cause of temperance.

In 1880 our population was 50,155,783, and of this number 6,679,943 were born in foreign countries. Most of these newcomers are not only liquor-drinkers but are also our principal liquor-dealers.

We know that some of the best citizens in our country are foreigners, and we should extend to them the right hand of fellowship. All who come to promote our morals and obey our laws are welcome; but this class of foreigners is limited.

It is a well-known fact that two thirds of the entire liquor business in our country is in the hands of a low class of foreigners.

A canvass in Philadelphia in 1876 proved that out of 8,034 whisky-dealers 205 were Americans, 672 unknown, and the balance, 7,157, were foreigners; and more than two thirds of these had been inmates of prisons.

The mobs that insulted the women engaged in the crusade were very largely of the criminal

class of foreigners who were dealers in and drinkers of whisky.

The Alameda (in California) outrage, which has no parallel in civilized history, was perpetrated by members of the San Francisco German Saloons-keepers' Society.

In 1890 we had an army of 208,535 engaged in the traffic of intoxicating drinks, and 196,800 of these were retail dealers.

Now, it is estimated that every saloon averages eighty regular customers, and these eighty customers have eighty votes, which have just as much power each in our government as your vote or mine, and even more, through the improper influence of the money accumulated from this traffic. Now, we can see that not only powerful but dangerous forces have been and are being transferred to our shores to antagonize and, if possible, to demoralize and destroy the principles that are intended to lead this nation to success and true greatness. It has been and ever will be a fatal error for this or any other nation to open its doors to this class of immigrants. They have been and ever will be detrimental to the morals and prosperity of our

people, while a highly civilized and moral class of immigrants would be our greatest blessing.

The temperance organizations, the influence and work of Christian women—such as the Woman's Crusade, the Women's Christian Temperance Union,—and the labors of such men as Reynolds, Osgood, and Murphy, and the Christian Church have been a great check to this monster national evil. But though great gain has been realized in the promotion of morals and sobriety, yet intemperance still remains a gigantic evil, whose magnitude should not be underrated by the American people.

When we consider the fearful adulteration put in the traffic, aside from the unadulterated evils, its aggregates, in quantities, costs, agonies, deaths, crimes, pauperism, lunacy, idiocy, disease, temporal and eternal ruin, are of inconceivable and appalling proportions.

It is the mightiest of all forces with which morality, decency, and humanity have to contend. The whisky company has at its control a capital of $1,000,000,000. It has employed in the business an army of 208,535 men. The direct drink bill of *this* nation in 1890, as nearly as can

be ascertained, was $900,000,000. These patrons drank 30,021,079 barrels of malt liquors and 109,275,928 gallons of distilled spirits, to say nothing about the augmentation by adulteration, which is placed by best authorities and lowest estimates at double the amount. It is difficult to realize the magnitude of these figures. If this army were to march in ranks of two abreast and three feet apart they would form a line nearly six miles long. To count sixty in a minute at ten hours a day it would require about eight and a half years for one man to count the number of gallons of distilled spirits consumed in 1890, and if this is doubled by adulteration it would require seventeen years; and it would require about seventy years to count the gallons of malt liquors consumed in this one year, or eighty-seven years in all for one man to count the total number of gallons of intoxicants consumed in 1890, and about sixty-nine years to count the drink bill for 1890, or eighty-seven men one year to count the gallons drank, and sixty-nine men one year to count the dollars spent in one year. The assessed valuation of all the real estate in the United States in 1890 was

about $24,000,000,000, and at this rate of drinking we will consume the entire valuation of this nation in about twenty-six years. Is not this appalling? Can any citizen be so stupid, so blind, so far sunk in depravity as not to be able to find some better way to spend this enormous sum of money? We have made no reduction for the legitimate use of alcohol; but anyone knows that enough alcohol is made and not reported to the government to supply all mechanical and medical necessities, to say nothing about the increase by adulteration. Now, that this material waste of what God has in his mercy and goodness given to us is a national wrong anyone will acknowledge. Suppose we build 10,000 churches at $10,000 each and 10,000 schoolhouses at $10,000 each, and educate 100,000 children at $1,000 each, and furnish 10,000 homes for the paupers and poor at $10,000 each; still we have not spent the half of the national drink bill. Well, we have 4,500,000 persons in the United States who cannot read and write. Suppose we give each one of these one year's schooling, which will only cost us $60,000,000; we still have $440,000,000

left to spend for something else. Now, can we do no better than to spend this balance in pouring poison down the throats of our citizens to produce strife and murder? Better build 440,000 more churches and schoolhouses at $1,000 each to educate, moralize, and civilize the poor drunkards.

The manufacturing of fictitious liquors would give us a very beneficial chapter if we had statistics; but these nefarious compounds never come to the knowledge of the government officials, and therefore cannot be computed. But gentlemen who are well informed estimate these fictitious liquors at from one hundred to three hundred per cent more than that which is distilled. It is said that most of the drinking-shops purchase but small quantities of pure spirits—just enough to form the basis. These imitations are confined to wines and distilled spirits, and are often spoken of as killing at forty rods, or as making an Irishman jump into the air and want to fight the moon, or as making an Englishman believe that he is all Johnny Bull except the head and tail, or as making an American think he owns the world.

It is believed that every year these adulterations become more extensive. We have referred to them only incidentally, but it is well to notice some of the ingredients that enter into these compounds called whisky, such as logwood, sulphuric acid, arsenic, red pepper, nux vomica, gypsum, and coculus indicus. It is said that parties have made money selling receipts for this purpose.

If the estimates of experts are correct at least two hundred per cent of the present day whisky sold as a beverage is fictitious. Is it any wonder that this vile traffic fosters the basest passions, promotes sin and misery, and gives birth to the worst crimes? Is it to be wondered at that men are deprived of their reason, that we see men dragged down into the mud and slime and filth of corruption and degraded by this same power? It spares none. Priest and prophet, ignorant and learned, the high and the low, the young and the old, all fall victims to its debasing and corrupting powers. Go to the ginshop, and see its bewitching power. Customer after customer comes in and pays for his glass of poison and passes out with an oath in his

mouth and inflamed eyes in his head, to make room for another.

Wise legislators, you are responsible; you foster these horrid dens of vice. This great national evil receives its legalization from you. Ye wise statesmen, ye public servants of the people, against you is this greatest of evils charged; you wield your influence and power against the labors of the Churches, against the Sabbath school work of the land, against the educators and reformers of our country, by supporting this great demoralizing evil by law; yea, you exert your power as lawmakers against the very best interests of our country and humanity.

We may boast of the progress of temperance in our country, but the fact is we are in the midst of a great battlefield. The forces of whisky were never more compact and strong and better organized for battle, either in Great Britain or in the United States, than now. Their leagues are everywhere; they are well fortified by the law and by capital; they have robbed the poor of the land, they have made orphans and widows, they have made many homeless and

sorrowful to amass money, by which they have fortified their business as with a great wall like that of ancient Babylon; and the wall will never decay, nor the traffic die for want of drinkers, and temperance men and women can never subdue the traffic, as long as it is legalized and sustained by law. That we should have so many drinking-shops and such an enormous expenditure of money, and so much drunkenness and crime resulting therefrom, is lamentable, but nothing will permanently prevent it until the government declares that the liquor traffic is an evil and must be put down; and if this is not done we will be called upon to take up the lamentation of Jeremiah: "Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water for the destruction of the daughter of my people" (Lam. iii, 48); "They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets: they that were brought up in scarlet embrace dunghills" (Lam. iv, 5); "The kings of the earth, and all the inhabitants of the world, would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered into the gates of Jerusalem" (Lam. iv, 12).

We can expect temperance labor to fail in the

face of legalized temptation and opposition. What has become of the zealous labors of Murphy, Osgood, Reynolds, and a host of others? Lost, simply because the law was against them. The license iniquity must be annihilated; facilities and temptations to drink must be removed by law before society can be protected against it.

The liquor-dealers would soon be willing to abandon the business and follow some more honorable and humane occupation if they were made accountable by law for all damage resulting from their traffic, such as supporting the paupers and ruined families, made so by the traffic, paying cost of criminals and criminal prosecutions originating from and through their traffic, and be made legally accountable for all the insanity, disease, and death arising therefrom, and for all annoyance and expense to society.

Property owners, as a rule, are sensitive to undue taxation, and it is right they should be; and yet it is surprising how calmly they submit to paying the enormous expenses arising from the whisky traffic, and the whisky-dealers receive such enormous profits from the business. Is it not surprising that there has not been a general

rebellion against such unjust and needless taxation resulting from this traffic?

If the traffic is to be supported by law the lawmakers should remove this burden from the people and place it upon the capital that produces it. It would be a very unjust law that would legalize and support a company or firm in a business that was fraught with fatal dangers to the entire community, and give the firm all the profits arising from the business and compel the community to carry all the responsibilities, and especially if those responsibilities were fraught with physical and mental ruin and the premature death of thousands.

We, like all other nations, are out on the ocean of time with our sails unfurled; our destination is the haven of success or failure. The only visible rock of danger that lies ahead of us is the whisky traffic. Are we fools enough to shipwreck our vessel of state with the danger in full view? or do we mean to maintain our position before the world and have a safe voyage to the port of success? If we do we must turn our backs upon the whisky traffic, and have Him for our captain who can say to the waves, "Peace, be

still." Be it remembered that he will not command a drunken crew.

Our only safety is national prohibition. This is, as yet, a child of hope.

The evil which it seeks to remove is the crime of crimes. It is the only sure and practical remedy against the traffic of intoxicants. Its principles have been repeatedly vindicated by the local, district, and United States courts. It is in harmony with the soundest political economy; and political economy recognizes the liquor traffic as the active cause of four fifths of all the crimes, pauperism, lunacy, wretchedness, disorder, and affliction that come upon the human family. If the use of alcoholic drinks were productive of good their use could not be justly prohibited; but, being the prolific source of untold evil, their sale as beverages should be prohibited, and we should labor to educate the minds of the people to this end.

Our golden opportunity is with the children of our nation. Let the old drunkards and blasphemers die such if they will, but let us take care of the children and educate them to temperance and Christianity.

CHAPTER II.

OUR NATIONAL PROBLEM—IS THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY WORTH PROTECTING?

Infancy and youth is a very important period of time. This is true with us either individually or nationally. Success and progress in civilization do not depend upon the increasing population or wealth of a nation, but upon its increasing intelligence, sobriety, and virtue.

If we want our boys, into whose hands the administration of this great government will soon pass, to prove a blessing to themselves and to the coming generation, they must be carefully guarded, educated, and trained from infancy to manhood, and not left to grow up like evil and obnoxious weeds that encumber the ground.

The same is true of this great government of ours, which is growing with such great rapidity and stretching its wings of national fame to the uttermost parts of the world.

This nation, although it is already a giant with

untold wealth and a model government, is but in its infancy; and upon its tender care and wise administration, its intelligence and purity, depends its mighty future. It is true that while there are many evils in our midst yet the greatest of these, as a rule, has been carefully protected and sustained by the laws of our land, and as much so as though our national life and happiness depended upon it, notwithstanding it strews death and destruction across our path and stabs at the heartstrings of our young republic.

In this important period of our national history, while we are giving laws to the rest of the world, and the empire is being transferred from Europe to America, and intellect is the ultimate winner, sobriety and energy the prize-giver, and honor the only route to reach permanent success, we, as American people, should look more thoughtfully after the infancy and the future of our growing republic.

In the vegetable world its seed is in itself after its kind; and it is just as true of a community, a city, or a nation. Commonwealths, like men, have their infancy and their manhood, which is the formative period for old age and

happiness. It is the first permanent settlers who impress themselves and their characters on the future. Powerful influences may in the course of time produce important modifications; but it is the early influence which is farthest reaching and is generally decisive.

Think of much of our Western territory settled by foreigners in large colonies, from all nationalities, un-American, and many, perhaps, uncivilized, each of whom will exercise as much power in the affairs of this government as you or I, and then remember that our territory west of the Mississippi is more than double that of the East, and must very soon become a mighty power in this great government, with all its foreign element, many of them hostile to each other, but united in conspiring against Christian institutions, temperance, and civilization. These elements are fast precipitating themselves into fixed institutions and consolidated character. They will not wait our convenience nor indulge our dilatory policy; so now is the nick of time. With matters which pertain to our future prosperity and progress now is always the nick of time.

It is much easier for us to form than to reform—easier to mold than to file the cold iron into shape. If a community produces or fails to produce good citizens, learned and Christian men and women, the records of the founders, as a rule, will furnish an explanation. There is no likelihood that the foreign immigration now pouring in upon us in such large numbers is ever to be supplanted by another stock. Hence we should consider the moral and political influence of immigration upon our nation's future.

Our foreign immigration last year, ending June 30, 1891, was 500,000, which exceeded the preceding year by 100,000. This foreign immigration is sufficient to form ten cities in our midst with a population of 50,000 each. Think for a moment. The Secretary of the Treasury, in his annual report, says: "An increasing proportion of immigrants is coming to us from those classes and those countries of Europe whose people are least adapted to, and least prepared for, citizenship in a free republic, and are least inclined to assimilate with the general body of American citizens. The vast majority of them crowd into our cities and large towns, with the

inevitable result of overstocking the labor market and depressing wages, while the least efficient and more vicious among them soon drift into our poorhouses and prisons to be a continual burden upon our people. The worst and most important cases are the criminals, ex-convicts, polygamists, and illegally assisted immigrants."

We must not fail to recognize the high worth of many of our citizens of foreign birth, not a few of whom are eminent in the pulpit and in all the learned professions. Many also come to us warm advocates of our free institutions and aid us very materially in promoting a Christian civilization. But these same Christian and learned foreigners are sensible of the fact that they do not by any means represent the mass of immigrants. As a rule the typical immigrant is one whose horizon has been narrow, whose moral and religious training has been neglected, and whose ideas of life are low. Not a few belong to the pauper and criminal classes. This is to be regretted very much. If we could receive only the better class they would prove a blessing in place of a curse to us.

It appears that twenty-four per cent of the

Irish discharged convicts have found their way to the United States, and, being ignorant and hearing so much about our freedom, they think there is no restraint placed upon them here, and new temptations open up to them, and their associations with the weaker class of Americans have a tendency to demoralize society. In fact, a great deal of the piety in our Churches is too weak to come in contact with such society and bear transportation. It cannot sometimes endure even a slight change of climate or spend a few weeks at a summer watering place, and is left at home.

Is it strange then that those who come from other lands, whose reputation, if any, is left behind, should sink to a lower moral level? Our population of foreign extract is sadly conspicuous in our criminal records. It furnishes the greater part of our criminals, affects the morals of our native population, depreciates our Sabbath, the result of which is sadly manifest in our cities, where the Sabbath is being transformed from a holy day into a holiday; but it is by far the most effective instrumentality in debauching popular morals in the liquor traffic,

which is chiefly carried on by foreigners. Now, the whisky traffic being one of our greatest national evils, wholesale immigration of the lower class is the brother to it. It is not deniable that foreign immigration feeds this great curse which has established its throne in this greatest of nations. Of the manufacturers, dealers, brewers, saloon-keepers, and consumers in the whisky traffic about eighty per cent are foreign born. And we as a people intrench this nefarious business, thus conducted principally by foreigners, behind the law, and give the broad seal of state to this infamous traffic.

Under a license system of two centuries, and through its protection and influence, America is to-day struggling under a fearful load of intemperance, which bids fair to ruin the nation unless deliverance shall come.

It is said that England, with five hundred years of license, is the worst liquor-cursed nation in the world; and America, under the same system and supported by foreigners, is fast following in the same road to ruin.

A correspondent from London recently gave us a fearful picture of this brutalizing curse of

drunkenness in England, such as boys and girls pawning their garments for beer, mothers carousing until midnight, while crying children are tugging at their dresses. He says that on one Sunday night, from 9:30 to 10:30 P. M., he counted two hundred drunken women on the streets of London, and that a large majority of the clergy are moderate drinkers.

The temperance sentiment seems to be lost sight of. One clergyman, he says, had courage enough recently in a public speech to urge parents not to give strong drink to their children too young, and to teach them to refrain from drinks between meals. He says that near the close of the last session of Parliament a bill was introduced proposing to close the Parliament bar; but it was ridiculed all over England.

The latest statistics show that drunkenness is increasing with alarming rapidity, and especially among the women, and scarcely one tenth of the population are total abstainers. The *Church Times* openly opposes total abstinence. The *Daily Telegraph*, which has a large circulation, recently opened its colmuns to victims of the drink traffic, and many letters were received from

men, women, and children, telling the most pitiable and heartrending tales of woe. These letters daily increased until thousands had to be thrown into the waste-basket for want of room to print them. The picture painted in these letters by trembling hands was the blackest ever presented to the public gaze.

Notwithstanding that London was permitted thus to hear the pleadings of the broken-hearted husbands, wives, parents, and children, and see some of the misery and horror caused by this fiendish traffic, yet she closes her eyes and hardens her heart and permits the work of destruction to go on.

Should not we be aroused to immediate action and make war against this powerful and growing evil? Charging high fees for license will not by any means educate the people against this adulterated beverage, nor in any way remove the evil from us. It only dignifies and legalizes the business, and thus to authorize the business and then urge men to abstain from patronizing it is not an honorable way to transact business, to say nothing about the evils resulting from the business; and we should cover our

heads with shame at our self-condemnation. Our inconsistency in this matter, considering that we are a Christian people, or profess to be, and are at least living in an age of light and knowledge, and in a land flooded with Bibles, is self-condemnation in God's sight and a stigma upon us as a progressive and enlightened people.

Every effort should be put forth to educate the public mind to the importance and inconsistency of this matter. Abraham Lincoln said: "With public sentiment nothing can fail; without public sentiment nothing can succeed. Consequently he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible to be executed."

Public sentiment should not only be educated against this growing evil, but the public mind should be made to see and realize the increasing danger of this traffic and the increasing difficulties in removing it from our nation.

There are three difficulties now in our midst against which the temperance element must war. First, the increased and increasing capital of the liquor men, now estimated at $8,000,000,000.

Second, this power is well organized and works as one man to promote and protect the business against any temperance movement that looks toward legislation, and when necessary the money to defeat such movements is easily and quickly raised; and in our day money is king. Third, the public appetite for this beverage, and especially on the part of our foreign element, which causes this class of voters to support the whisky cause. Now, this class of voters, through immigration, are growing on our hands. As we have seen, the whisky organizations are being perfected; their capital is not only increasing in this country, but foreign capital is thrown into the American coffers, and through this money power our voters and politicians are reached, and even now our politicians tremble in the presence of this united whisky power.

Now, with these facts before us, in all candor should we not awake from our lethargy and look after the future of our country, the welfare of our children and our children's children? One stitch in time saves nine. Our nation, as we have said, is only in its infancy, and now, if ever, is the time to look after its future greatness and

prosperity. We should learn a lesson from the past history of nations.

God has most wonderfully blessed us and has given us a country that flows with milk and honey; but if we, through intoxication, Mormonism, anarchism, socialism, and the money power drift into dens of wickedness and corruption and drunken revelry, God's blessing and protection will not go with us, and the handwriting will appear on the wall, or, like that once mighty Rome, our sun will set and we will pass into the hands of barbarians. The shores of time are strewed with the wreckage of mighty civilizations. Republics come and go, empires wax and wane. Persia, Greece, Egypt, Chaldea, Babylon, and Rome, one after another launched their mighty crafts; but where are they all today? Not even skeletons of former greatneas are left. Will it be so with America? Is not her speed too reckless? Will not her intoxicated crew under high and low license dash her vessel to pieces on the shoals of time, and posterity point the finger of shame at this once God-blessed but then sin-cursed republic?

Israel was miraculously blessed and cared for

by a divine Providence, and was the nation of the world, but she was too reckless; she forgot God, she became corrupt. "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine! . . . The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet." Where is she to-day? Listen to the words of the Master: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

We believe that God inspired the men who framed our Constitution and led our armies to victory. Gladstone says: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purposes of man." They were to form a national government, clothed with national authority, that would command the obedience of the people from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf, whose flag would wave high among the nations of the

world, and also arrange a local self-government, free to adjust itself to any local changes. This is the marvelous past of our government. While it is as strong as iron, yet it is flexible and adjustable. They built the hull perfect and durable, but made the interior with adjustable shelves that could be changed to suit all future emergencies.

And while we have mightily changed and grown from the old thirteen States, we are nevertheless still inside the grand old hull constructed by these men. It is easy to form a government for the present, but difficult to frame one for distant ages. The original thirteen States formed their separate constitutions, and every-one of these has been shattered by growth and change. Not one of the original charters is in force to-day.

During the last one hundred years nearly all the nations of the world have been going through convulsive changes. Of Italy's seven thrones there is scarcely one to-day. The convulsions of Germany have rocked every throne in Europe. France has run the complete gamut and returned to a one-horse republic. Spain has seen violent

changes and to-day hangs on a slender thread. England has changed from the despotism of George III until to-day the burden of the government rests on ministers, representatives of the people, and a House of Commons equal to the House of Lords; and our sister, Brazil, is now passing through like convulsions.

But while these nations have been revolutionizing and passing from one sinking vessel to another this American republic, by adding three amendments, has sailed past these leaking and sinking vessels, giving help and encouragement to them in their distress. But let us not boast; it is God that giveth and God that taketh away. We are in his hands, and if we sail in intoxicated vessels God will not go with us.

When our Constitution was formed we had a population of four millions; to-day we number sixty-four millions. To-day the national government alone employs more people than were within the nation at its commencement. One quarter of all the telegraph lines and one half of the total mileage of all the railroads on the earth's surface are within our borders. But can America safely move on with such speed and

digest this continual inpouring of immigration, and wade through this *flood of intoxicants, and live?*

It is true that we have been tested. Where will we find anywhere in the annals of this globe the record of a civil war killing six hundred thousand, disabling one million, and costing $8,000,000,000, and yet in a few years entirely obliterate the evil and be healed, and generals riding side by side who fought face to face? The nation rode the tempest without a quiver and came out much purer and stronger for its baptism of blood from the fact that a great evil was removed from our land; and this was God's way of doing it. But think of the sacrifice this nation had to make for supporting this sin. And what shall be the sacrifice that this nation shall eventually make for supporting this adulterated beverage of whisky, that annually slays its thousands?

We might Americanize and Christianize the foreigners that are flooding our land if it were not for the curse of whisky, which acts as a stimulant to ignorance and all crime. This is the last new world that is to be discovered, and

it seems that God designed it to be the final theater on which the highest Christian civilization was to be developed. The deck of the *Mayflower* was the altar to the living God; and from that time on God has been with us. He sent one class of people far south and another class far north, but he gave this country to the Puritans; and as long as we make him our God and our leader, and his hand is placed firmly on the helm, our vessel of state will safely outride the storms, and no longer. So, if the Lord be God, then serve him, but if Baal (whisky), then serve him.

He who can say to the storm, "Peace, be still!" can safely steer us over the wild billows or sink us beneath the waves. So the question comes, Can we as a people afford to forsake this great Captain of our vessel and serve Baal? Can we afford to legalize by law a curse in our midst that feeds the dens of iniquity, that brings to our ears the groans of the dying, that covers our land with idleness and poverty, that fills our jails and almshouses, that sends an army of six hundred thousand annually to a drunkard's grave?

Can we afford to forsake the God of our fathers and see this ship of state go down to rise no more, or to have another baptism of blood to purge us from the sins of intemperance and indifference? Shall this great American republic sail on forever over smooth waters, or sink beneath the waves of rum?

The stability and greatness of our future will depend largely on our faithfulness to the present.

America is plastic to-day, but is speedily crystallizing into permanent mold.

We should work quickly, speedily, and accurately. This is our critical time, our infancy and youth—an age on ages telling. One zealous, wide-awake man to-day is worth ten to-morrow. He who molds to-day sends his impress far down the corridors of time.

The future of this government above every other rests preeminently on the moral excellency of the people.

Every man here is a king, hence our prosperity depends upon the character of each citizen of this government. What prosperity could we expect from a nation of drunkards?

Water will not and cannot rise above its level. The purity and stability of our government cannot, therefore, rise above that of the people who compose it.

The great agencies for elevating the character of the people and educating the public mind and morals are the Church, the press, and the public schools.

These agencies are mighty forces to widespread among the masses intelligence, patriotism, and Christianity. Our free schools, public libraries, free lectures, and free press are grand agencies to elevate the general intelligence of the masses and to expose and countermand the ruinous influence of the rum traffic. Among these agencies the press is very prominent. But it is true the privilege of the press is sometimes abused.

In our political campaigns the free press has frequently been a national disgrace. The best and leading men of our country have been most shamefully slandered by the opposite political party purely for political purposes, without any regard to justice. This is more of a disgrace to the press, and also to our government, than it is

to those for whom it is intended. This is not patriotism, this is not intelligence, this is not Christianity.

Nevertheless a free press is a great blessing to our country. It throws the electric light of publicity upon our daily conduct and is the greatest protection of our homes and morals. It is true that the press can be and has been to a certain extent reached and controlled by money in the interest of politicians and the whisky traffic. This scrupulous money king is one of our greatest enemies to good government and in suppressing the evils of intemperance.

It is said in Europe, and sometimes acknowledged at home, that our model government is a failure. There is to-day, and especially in our large cities, as clearly defined a ruling class as in the most aristocratic countries in the Old World. Its members carry elections in their pockets, make up the list for nominating conventions, distribute offices as they bargain together, and, though they toil not, they wear the best raiments and find money to spend lavishly. They seem to be men of power, whose favor the ambitious court and whose vengeance they avoid.

And who are these men? Are they the wise, the God-fearing, the learned—men who have earned important positions by their wisdom and virtue, and deserve the confidence of their fellow-citizens by the usefulness and purity of their lives, the splendor of their talents, and their deep study of the problems of government? No; perhaps they are saloon-keepers, pugilists, gamblers, or worse, buying and selling votes, offices, and official acts!

Why, such has become the corruption and trickery in politics that holding a municipal office almost impeaches a man's character from the fact that known integrity and sobriety incapacitates a man from an office in the gift of the city rabble.

And thus it is that popular government is degenerating into government by bosses. It is true that those who rule you do not do it by means of standing armies, with drawn swords, but they do it through political intrigue and men armed with voting papers, who obey the word of command as loyally as did the dependents of the old feudal nobels, enabling their leaders to override the general will of the people.

As a rule the large cities are the most corrupt and the worst governed. We must therefore infer that without a reformation, as our cities grow, and the whisky power gains strength, the government will become more corrupt and money and whisky rule. Money corrupts the morals in many ways. Sunday amusements, horse racing, baseball, theaters, beer gardens, railroad excursions, and drinking dens are all provided, because there is money in them. Licentious literature and worse than useless novels flood the land, poisoning the minds of the young and polluting their lives, because there is money in them. Gambling flourishes because there is money in it; and that great abomination of desolation, that triumph of Satan, that more than ten Egyptian plagues in one—the liquor traffic—grows and thrives at the expense of every human and national interest, because there is big money in it. Money secures offices and enacts laws regardless of virtue and public interest; and thus it is that the whisky traffic is supported, that drunkenness, debauchery, poverty, and murder are abroad in the land.

Yet this wrong use of money on the part of

the unscrupulous should by no means condemn money, for when in proper hands and rightly used it is a great blessing, and this blessing has been wonderfully showered upon us by a divine Providence, who will certainly hold us responsible for our stewardship. We can scarcely realize the fact that this youngest of nations is the richest, and that this youngest and richest of nations has only begun to live and develop its resources. Our total assessed valuation in 1880 was $16,902,993,543, and in 1890 it was $24,249,589,804. Such national progress is without a parallel in history. Now, at this rate of increase and prosperity we will soon be able to buy out all Europe, her lands, her mines, her cities and palaces, ships, flocks, money, and thrones. But if we wish our chariot wheels of progress to continue with such amazing grandeur our money power must become Christianized. Our nation will not become the kingdom of the Lord until the kingdom of rum is subdued. While our population increased thirty per cent the number of criminals in the United States has increased eighty per cent. This looks very much as if we were drifting into a dead-line of

vice. Wealth, intemperance, socialism, Mormonism, immigration, and crime are all increasing more rapidly than the population. Are public morals thus likely to improve? There is reason to believe that this rate of increase will be sustained for years to come, and if so, without a corresponding increase in moral growth the danger from Mormonism, luxuriousness, and the conquest of wealth and the rum traffic will be a constantly increasing peril. The vastness of our territory, the growth of our cities, and the splendor of our riches may dazzle and astonish the world; but let us not forget that in God only is our safety. History declares to us in the ruins of Babylon, Thebes, Carthage, and Rome that wealth has no conservative power—that it tends to enervate and corrupt. Our wonderful material prosperity, which is a marvel to other nations and the boast of our own, may hide a worm-eaten and decaying core.

The establishing of saloons in our country by law is right or it is wrong; there are no middle grounds. Why is it necessary to apply to our courts for license before engaging in the whisky traffic? and why not necessary before engaging

in the mercantile business? Because the first is an unnecessary evil fraught with dangers, the second is a necessary and legitimate business. Who, then, carries the responsibility of this unnecessary evil?

That which is morally wrong can never be made politically right by any people. Our laws should make it easy for people to do right, and difficult for them to do wrong; but the traffic of whisky is *vice versa*. It is like the Irishman who, in saddling his master's horse, placed the saddle with the front behind, and when his master told him that he could not ride backward, said, "Be gory, I'll put the bridle on the other end." And so with the whisky traffic, the law has the bridle on the wrong end.

High or low license, the mill grinds on just the same, and the never-ending grist of humanity, with its capabilities for good and immortal souls to save, goes into the hopper, and out comes the horrible product of lunatics, paupers, and criminals, and the wail of the widows, the cry of the starved and suffering children go up to heaven, while the land is cursed and our courts and prisons are filled. We may say that the giant is blind

and in prison grinding, and that we intend to keep him there chained by the sham of high and low license; but his locks are growing, his strength increasing, his hands are upon the pillars of our government and threaten our destruction, and we should make haste to defeat him and cast him into outer darkness.

Under the protection of high and low license this enemy of God and man has marshaled his forces of demijohns, decanters, and capital until he has become a formidable power in the land for evil and has already reaped a plentiful harvest of money and souls, not only here, but across the ocean. The ground has been made hollow under England, Ireland, Scotland, and America with the catacombs of slaughtered drunkards.

Now the question comes to us, Is the future of our country worth protecting against this great evil, this archangel of perdition who has his filthy claws clutched into the bleeding heart-strings of the nation with one wing on the shores of the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, while the country cries, "How long, O Lord, how long must we groan under this national curse?"

Benedict Arnold, the traitor, who attempted to betray his country, was a rumseller and a drunkard. Three of the most important defeats of the American army during the Revolution were sustained by men who died drunkards. Had a sober crew been on board the *Chesapeake* the brave Lawrence would never have had to say to his men, "Don't give up the ship!"

When we think of the extent of this evil, the burden of crime throughout the land, of the loss of human life, the destruction of families, the depravity of intellect, and the precious souls that find their way down the dark road to hell through this traffic of whisky, we should tremble for the honor and safety of our country, and especially when we reflect that God's justice cannot sleep forever.

Let us therefore support that freedom that will make us free indeed, that freedom that will raise an empire of immortal beings from the kingdom of rum to the true dignity of virtuous freemen, that will fill up time with social comforts, that will gild the close of life with consolation and crown our nation with imperishable happiness. Let us say to the Church and to

those who are on the side of humanity and Christianity, "Come, gird on the armor and march forth into this field of labor; there is plenty to do." As the colonel said to the captain, "Go right in anywhere, it is good fighting all along the line."

Permit me to ask, Is there any necessity to license men anywhere to sell this adulterated beverage to their fellow-beings?

Is it not an acknowledged fact that the traffic is purely to make money at the sacrifice of families, manhood, intellect, and soul? And can it be possible that an enlightened Christian people would support such a national curse by law to enable a few to amass money at such an enormous sacrifice of happiness, intellect, and soul? And what an injustice to set up and support such a monopoly by law in a free country! Pray, tell me, has not every law-abiding citizen an equal right to engage in a legitimate business? And if this is a lawful and necessary business then why not license all who may desire to enter into the business, as in any other legitimate and honorable business in life?

When license time comes around how amusing

to see the excitement, the legal talent employed, and the struggle to know who shall and who shall not monopolize this traffic and receive authority from our courts of justice to manufacture idiots, to reduce families to poverty, to endanger our government, and to send souls to hell! So the question presents itself, Does not the system within itself condemn itself? And does not the system condemn the nation or people who supports it by law? And is not such a nation like worm-eaten fruit, rotten at the core and destined to destruction? And has not the proclamation long since gone forth in that great Book of books?

And if God is against us who can be for us?

CHAPTER III.

OUR PROGRESS AND OUR SIN.

If we can excite the curiosity, and thus arouse the mind to thought, the eye to observation, and the soul to God, we may accomplish a great end. To illustrate, a certain young man, while standing on the verge of skepticism, once picked up a small stone, and in it he found a perfect animal formation. His curiosity became excited, and was never satisfied until he studied the science of geology, compared its teachings with those of the Bible, and found a perfect harmony between word and works of God, and became a confirmed believer.

As we are carried across this continent, over and through our mountains and across our valleys, at the rate of forty miles an hour on cushioned seats, we do not realize the danger facing us at every revolution of the car-wheels. As our nation moves forward with such wonderful strides of progress we fail to look ahead for coming perils.

We are living in extraordinary times. Truly in an age on ages telling. The press, electricity, and steam have almost annihilated space and transformed this earth into an audience room. And while the mysteries of Africa are being laid open and the dry bones of Asia are moving, America, with her wealth, her institutions of learning, and banner of liberty, is leading the world.

The reports of our national wealth and progress in other countries are on so large a scale that it requires all of Europe to believe one of them; and these years in which we are living, of peace, prosperity, and progress, are but the pivot on which is turning our national future. But no generation appreciates its own place and opportunities in history.

Comparison sometimes enables us to see things in their proper light, and the best way for us to see what God has done and is doing for us as a people is to compare our nation with the other civilized nations of the world; and the best way, perhaps, for us to guard against national perils is to compare the downfall of the past nations of the world with their history, and thus take heed.

The Jewish nation is the best example we have. When they feared God they prospered; when they served Baal they fell and lost all their glory.

We possess many advantages over the European nations; they are continually threatened with war; their fleets and armies cost them annually about $900,000,000, and, while the people are burdened with tax, their debt is annually increasing. Our standing armies cost us comparatively nothing; our wealth from 1870 to 1880 increased at the rate of $260,000 an hour; from 1880 to 1890 it increased from $16,902,993,543 to $24,249,589,804, which is without a parallel in the history of nations, and yet we have only commenced to develop our resources.

On an average the European nations, except Russia, are but a little larger than each of our States and Territories. Now, suppose those nineteen European nations were united under one government, having one language, one currency, and one common interest, with the resources that we as a nation possess, what a mighty nation it would be! Well, we are com-

posed of forty-four nations, so to speak, and soon to be increased to many more from our rich Territories, with no conflicting interest, but one in language, one in currency, and one in a common interest, with a treasury full and overflowing. Certainly we have a reason to thank God for such prosperity, and certainly we should be a God-fearing people; and certainly it would be a terrible calamity if such a nation, with such blessings and future hopes, would become corrupted in God's sight by King Alcohol or any other national curse, and crumble to pieces as the past nations of the earth have done; and will not a little reflection tell us that there is danger? For more than three thousand years, step by step, have population and civilization been moving westward, and step by step has the world's scepter passed from Persia and Egypt to Greece, Italy, and Great Britain, and finally leaped across the Atlantic into this great western world to remain, as there is no farther West. Like the star in the east which guided the wise men with their treasures, so the star of empire, rising in the east, has ever beckoned the wealth and power of nations westward, until to-day it

stands over this young America, this nation of nations, and, Benjamin-like, God has given us a fivefold portion, and the nations of the earth are bringing their offerings and laying them at our feet and exclaiming, "All hail, thou giant of infant nations, thou young America!"

Most certainly God has placed us upon the pyramid top of opportunities, from which we can remodel and bless the nations of the world and mold the destinies of unborn millions. But will we cast down the high places of Baal, embrace the opportunities, and use aright the great blessings that God has so bountifully bestowed upon us? Alone upon our intelligence and virtues depends our future. We are told that the righteous shall inherit the earth.

Our wealth as a nation and our opportunities for good will never be told.

What has God and our forefathers bestowed upon us? Think of our onward march to greatness, of our mountains laden with wealth, of the fertile plains and valleys that lie stretched out before us yet untouched, of the inexhaustible deposits of oil, coal, and gas to heat and light our homes and cities, and of the mighty oceans that

wash our shores on either side, on whose bosom are borne to us the wealth of the world. But think of the evils that menace our country, and where is the remedy?

The best preventive for social discontent, dynamite bombs, Mormonism, and that greatest of national curses, intemperance, is Christianity.

It has been truthfully said that one of the most important steps to a permanent reformation is to commence with the children of a generation. This is a work that depends upon the public schools, the Church, and the Sabbath schools of our country; and we cannot too highly appreciate the great Sabbath institutions of this country. We have in the United States a Sabbath school army of 9,700,000, and while all along the lines thousands of faithful laborers are stepping out of the ranks and passing up to that school above, where the gates stand ajar, yet thousands more are stepping in all along the line to swell the number.

This indeed is encouraging, and with the spirit of Christ we should push on through forest, over mountains, and across streams of dif-

ficulty, and the heavens will rejoice, the earth be glad, and even the hills, as it were, will be in a glee of sympathy over our success.

But while this is encouraging, yet let us look at the facts as they are before us, and then ask, "What shall be the future of our country?" We have a population of 64,000,000, and 9,700,000 of this number are in the Sabbath schools, 22,000,000 in the Christian Churches, including the Sabbath school army. As most of the active members of Christian Churches are in the Sabbath work we can conclude that many of the 22,000,000 Christian members are inactive, which scarcely leaves us this number on the side of morality and Christ; but say it does, we have arrayed against us, in this land of Bibles, an army of 42,000,000; and what for? To be schooled by a licensed curse, to encourage lawlessness, anarchism, Mormonism, social discontent, and to patronize the whisky gambling dens of our country, and to feed the great sewers through which our ruined humanity go down to hell. O, my reader, what a sad picture in this God-blessed and Bible land! Well may we exclaim, "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

To subdue this great army we must bring up and educate the rising age against this licensed curse and free it from bad influences and habits. If this be done, what a mighty reformation would soon take place in this country of ours! The floodgates of wickedness, intemperance, deceit, profanity, and crime would soon be closed, and streams of love, joy, peace, and prosperity would soon refresh this dry and thirsty land, and this nation would prove to be what God designed it—the bright and morning star of the world.

We are told that "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." In the lands where the glad news of the Gospel was first preached the people are the last to receive it. From this new and then unknown continent we are now sending these glad tidings of salvation to those dark and benighted minds.

This New World seems to have been designed by Providence to be the great and model nation of the world. We have been first in freedom, first in progress, and first to-day in wealth and influence among the nations of the world. God has been with us and blessed us all through our

national history. In our infancy and poverty, and in our struggles for freedom with a mighty foe, God has fought our battles, and with a strong arm hath he delivered us. He hath also borne with our national infirmities, and after chastisement hath purged us from the curse of slavery and made of us a great people. And shall we be so unmindful of past and present blessings, and of our duty to that great King in whose hands are the destinies of all nations, as to support by law a curse in our land that is daily and hourly accumulating sins like mountains before us?

Living, as we do, under the very shadow of schools and churches, ignorance is a crime, as it is the fruitful soil of vice, and disqualifies us for the duties of life, and duties, too, that we cannot gainsay.

God has not placed us here to eat, drink, sleep, and revel, and then pass away as do the brutes, without hope; nor has he designed that we shall be carried to heaven "on flowery beds of ease."

Every member of society is exerting an influence around him for good or for bad that will

reverberate through time and extend away on into eternity. Reader, do you realize this?

If ever an era in the history of the American nation required great efforts and noble deeds that era is to-day America has become the political life of the world. Sciences are born in a day and leap with a single bound to maturity.

The poor and oppressed of other lands are seeking homes under our flag. The bosom of the ocean is spotted with vessels bringing them to our shores; and while some are a blessing to us intellectually, morally, and financially yet, many more are of a low and ignorant class, supporters of intemperance, anarchy, and social discontent; so that in the midst of our national growth, activities, and progress dangers confront us on all sides, and every good citizen is called upon to aid in promoting the purity and perpetuity of this great government and in removing from our homes and land this greatest of national curses—the whisky traffic, that which feeds all other vices.

When we turn to the past history of nations we find that sin and corruption have dissolved the greatest powers of the world like tow at the

touch of fire; and shall we as a nation, having the light of the Gospel in our midst, and having the history of the past before us, and having the opportunities for good that we possess, be blind and indifferent to our future destiny? Having eyes can we not see? and having ears can we not hear?

We had a new chapter added to our history, beginning with 1861, and although we turned one new leaf we still have another to turn. We have yet a class of slaves and a hard taskmaster in our midst, which to-day is sapping the nation's blood; if continued it will not require a Daniel to interpret the handwriting on the wall.

It is a common saying that "this is a funny world," and it is. It is like the young man who got drunk, and, wishing to conceal it, went upstairs to hide, but at the head of the stairs fell and rolled all the way down a high stairway. The racket brought several persons to his aid, but he said to them in an angry tone, "Go away, I don't want your help; that is the way I always come down stairs."

Well, this is the way the nations of the past came down stairs, and it is the way that we as a

nation, with all our opportunities and greatness, will eventually come down if we fail to keep the fear of God before our eyes.

To a very great extent this world is what we make it; it is as full of beauty as the world above, and if man should do his duty it would be a world of love. Proper and judicious habits in life are to us prosperity, happiness, and peace, and in the world to come eternal life. Improper and evil habits are tyrants, and those given to them have not the habits alone, but the habits have them, and their tyranny holds many, yea, thousands of men of strong and noble minds in their pernicious grasp.

Habit, therefore, can raise us to an alliance with angels, and through grace we can be permitted to converse with God himself; or it can sink us down to the lowest depths of degradation and cause us to be the most dangerous and corrupt of all God's creatures.

Our first great object in life, therefore, should be to cultivate in ourselves and in the minds of the rising age a true ideal of life and let it hover before us like a bow in the distant cloud, luring us onward and upward, keeping our gaze

aloft, and it will be like the morning star of Bethlehem, guiding us in the path of temperance and virtue and to the shrine of heavenly purity and celestial wisdom.

Of all evil habits that of intemperance, perhaps, is the most formidable, for it is a destructive beetle that feeds upon the vitality, the activity, the hopes, and the prospects of the soul.

It is said that of all the ways that lead to hell in which the feet of deluded mortals tread that of intemperance is the most dreary and terrific. It curtains the heavens in darkness and carpets the earth with sackcloth.

Well may we exclaim, "O liquor, thou demon traffic, how many earthly Edens hast thou made desolate? How many starved and naked orphans hast thou cast upon the cold charities of an unfriendly world? How many untimely graves hast thou filled? What sad wreck hast thou made of brilliant talents and splendid genius? O thou mighty transformer of intellect and generous-hearted man into all that is brutal! Would to God that the gates were closed, the tide arrested, and that destructive traffic, with all its attendant evils, cease to flood

our glorious land of liberty! Then prosperity and happiness would be ours, virtue would grow with knowledge, the cause of Christ would be advanced, thousands of barefooted orphans and broken-hearted wives would chant praises to Heaven. Eden would again appear, the lost be reclaimed, the bleeding and wounded hearts be healed, temperance and virtue would reign; and then, and then only, would this in truth be the *land* of the *free* and the *home* of the *brave*, and the *model nation* of the *world*."

We as American people boast of our freedom; and well we may, for with a great price we obtained it. We have not possessed it very long. We can almost go back yet and find the bloody tracks of our fathers as they marched with their bare feet over the frozen ground in defense of our country. We still miss those in the family circle who so recently gave their lives to maintain the honor of our flag. As we think of them and wipe the lingering tear-drops from our eyes we imagine we can hear their familiar voices and see their pleasant faces and almost hear their dying groans.

We have our cripples still with us as living

witnesses ; and shall we not appreciate, love, and cherish a country and a freedom that cost so much? We feel as if all the powers of Europe could not get it from our embrace. Our shores would shake into the depths of the sea the invader who would presume to seek it. And yet it cannot be denied but that our country is enslaved. Our fellow-citizens are groaning under a great desolating bondage. Thousands are annually slain and tens of thousands are carried away into a loathsome slavery of intemperance, to be trodden down under its mighty burdens. This slavery is a hard taskmaster ; it most shamefully exposes us, it demands of us our health and our money, and rewards us with poverty and disgrace ; it deprives us of our liberty of thought and conscience ; it destroys our happiness in this life and robs us of the hope of that blessed immortality which lies beyond the shores of time. It also lays hold upon the very vitality of our government and enthrones itself in high places ; and is it not the very height of absurdity that we should legalize such an evil by law and foster it in our bosoms?

As a rule the drunkard whom you behold tot-

tering about the streets is preparing a bill of expense for you to pay, and in some indirect way will soon be putting his hands down into your pockets, or perhaps be eating his bread in the sweat of your brow in place of his own, and you never have a word of complaint; but, on the other hand, if a respectable citizen would attempt to levy a tax on you for his support you would soon rebel and hunt him from from society. But the drunkard can do it, and the law turns in and assists him, and you look on with calm submission. Should this evil continue to advance in our land the right of suffrage, which is the mainspring of our liberties, will soon become the engine of self-destruction. Think for one moment. When the annual liquor bill of the nation is $900,000,000, and when a saloon power controls a capital of $1,000,000,000 and compels our politicians to court its support for office, it is time to wake up and see where we as a nation are drifting to.

Where now is the city, town, or village where whisky is sold in which the laws are not openly violated and the Sabbath day desecrated? and where is the magistrate who dares to carry

into effect the laws against the vending or drinking of ardent spirits? Here, then, is already a power in the land that makes a vital stab at civil liberty. Here are the troops of a future Cæsar by whom our liberties are ultimately to be destroyed if continued.

The fires of corruption, kindled by the adulterated traffic of whisky, are underneath us, and the smoke and perfumes are ascending to heaven for a testimony against us, the flames are bursting out around us, and if not extinguished we are undone, our sun will set in darkness and despair, as did that of once proud Rome. Should we remain indifferent toward this growing evil?

Is drunkenness intended to promote national health and wealth? Is it a blessing to any community? Does it prepare immortal souls for eternity? Does it make families and homes happy and prosperous? We have read of the middle passage in the transportation of slaves, the chains, the darkness, the stench, the mortality, yea, the living madness of woe; but turn to intemperance, and in this nation we find a middle passage of slavery, darkness and chains,

disease and death—not from Africa to America, but from time to eternity; not of slaves whom death will release, but slaves in time and slaves in eternity.

It has been said that could all the sighs and groans of the slaves be wafted on one breeze they would be as thunder convulsing the earth; and could all their tears be assembled they would be as a mighty river flowing into the ocean of endless sorrow.

How can we as a nation expect the blessings of God to go with us and enjoy peace and prosperity except we become a righteous and virtuous people, and where is our dependence for safety, prosperity, and success if an *almighty arm* is engaged against us? No matter what high and important position a man may occupy in life, no matter how wealthy, how learned, how prominent, if he becomes a drunkard all are lost, as it is a sure road to destruction.

And so with a nation, when drunkenness becomes enthroned in high and low places, and when she places in the hands of her subjects authority to sell to their fellow-beings that which destroys both soul and body and establishes a

system of drunken revelry, either a *reformation* or her *end* is *near.*

We may boast of being the land of the free, of our wealth, our mountains of iron and coal, silver and gold, of our broad and productive acres stretching from ocean to ocean, of our institutions of learning and American progress, but if a divine Providence is against us all are lost. As we have said, the greatest powers of the world have dissolved like tow at the touch of fire. The giants of Anak and the mighty walls of Jericho, which disheartened the spies that Moses sent out, could not protect the people in their sins when Israel went out against them. History tells us that Babylon, that great and famous city of antiquity, with its ponderous walls 338 feet high, 85 feet thick, studded with towers and pierced with brazen gates, which with its palaces and hanging gardens was among the great wonders of the world, and which seemed to defy all the powers of the world against invasion, fell in an unexpected hour, right in the midst of its drunken revelry and corruption, because the cup of God's wrath was full. And O how great must have been the *sur-*

prise of that *hour*. While the silver and golden vessels from Jerusalem were being filled with wine, the gods of gold were being praised, the night spent in singing obscene songs, in dancing, in drunken hiccoughs, in idiotic laughter, and while in the banquet hall could be heard shouts of, "O King Belshazzar, live forever," there was something appeared on the wall. What is it? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it a god? The music stopped, the golden goblets fell from the grasp, there were a thousand shrieks of horror; the wise men were sent for, and finally a Daniel was found, who came into the midst of that drunken revelry and read, "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

And what followed? That night human blood flowed in place of wine, and dying groans were the music, and Babylon the great fell. Thus it is that sin may open as bright as the morning and as lovely as the rose, apparently, but it will close as dark as night and dreadful as hell. At trumpet's call throngs of wretched men—captives, slaves, or convicts—and wild beasts closed in deadly strife for the public amuse-

ment of Rome, who was so long the master of the world; but in the midst of drunken revelry and wicked combats of gladiators her sun set, and Rome passed into the hands of barbarians, to live no more forever. The great truth that all men are born free and equal was one of the corner stones upon which our Declaration of Independence was based, and yet for eighty-six years after that declaration we as a nation held human beings in chains and ignorance. And it was not until the wrath of God had kindled against us, and the terrific storm burst in fury over our heads and our land was drenched with human blood and the very foundation of our civil liberties trembled, that we were willing to remove the curse from our midst. And shall we as a nation still continue to rock in the cradle of protection that monster intemperance, one of the most prominent national curses of this or any other nation—a curse that walks our national halls and takes its seat in Congress; a curse that controls our legislative bodies and our courts of justice; a curse that covers our land with idleness and poverty, disgrace and crime; a traffic which fills our jails, supports our almshouses, and fur-

nishes subjects for the silent tomb; a traffic that is the life-blood of the gambler, the support of the midnight incendiary and assassin, and the companion of the murderer; a traffic that esteems the blasphemer, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders the innocent, and sends the immortal soul down to eternal ruin?

If God heard the cries and groans and saw the degradation of those held in chains and ignorance, will he not see and hear the sins of that traffic which has polluted our national halls, dishonored our statesmen, and entailed misery upon millions of the sons of America? And yet shall we as a nation continue to protect it by law? What! Protect by law a curse that renders us no compensation but poverty and want, suffering and death? What! Insult our nation by saying that it protects by law a curse that is hourly marching a vast army of slaves through the gates of death down to hell?

"But," says one, "license or no license, men will drink, and a refusal will not prohibit drunkenness." Now, perhaps this is the devil's best argument; and why should he not support this traffic, which is the best agency he has in the

world to accomplish his fiendish work? It is like the three men who went out in cahoot to hunt and shoot fine squirrels. The first took the two largest, the second the three smaller, and told the third man he should have the cahoot. And so with the devil; he takes the game and gives the poor drunkard the cahoot.

But look at this argument. We have a law against committing crime, Sabbath-breaking, larceny, murder, etc., yet those crimes are committed, to a certain extent, all over the country; but will this argue that the law should be reversed and made to protect crime? Is not the law a great check to crime? and would not the same thing be true in regard to this adulterated traffic of whisky? Why not just as well set up licensed houses throughout the country to commit crime, and thus at once convert this beautiful, flowery, though rock-built earth of ours into the kingdom of darkness?

A government is responsible for the sins it supports by law, and the day of reckoning will come; and if God is against us *who* can be for us?

O that it could be written, as with a poniard, upon the hearts and memories of the youth,

and also the aged, the important and dreadful fact that the price of intemperance is death—that vice costs more than virtue and drunkenness more than sobriety. O that we, as a nation, could realize the fact that this traffic endangers our government, degrades our citizens, dishonors our statesmen ; that it brings shame, not honor, terror, not safety, misery, not happiness, upon a people, and calmly surveys its frightful desolation ; that it is the stepping-stone that leads our promising youths to eternal ruin, who would otherwise be useful members in society, pillars in the Church, or perhaps statesmen standing upon the giddy pinnacles of national fame. Let us appeal to those who love the cause of liberty and humanity and to those who feel an interest in the future welfare of our children and country, and let us appeal to the Church and to those who love the cause of Christ, to lend a voice and a helping hand to promote the cause of God and temperance and loose the chains of slavery that bind so many of our otherwise good citizens in poverty and disgrace, slaves to King Alcohol, and hasten the time when all, from the crystal sands of the Atlantic to the golden gates

of the West, who live under the glorious flag of liberty shall be free indeed; for the greatest slave and the most wretched of all human beings is he who has practiced this vice so long that he curses it and still clings to it, knowing, when putting it to his lips, that it will gnaw his heart and make him roll himself with anguish and despair in the dust with the swine, and yet will say, "Give me, *O give me one glass more!*" The lifeless form of a no doubt once promising young man is this moment before me. On a cold winter's night, when the earth was mantled with snow, through whisky he spent the night in water, brush, and snow; and while thus worse than brutalized he became perfectly nude, and toward morning made his bed in the snow, brush his covering and suffering untold his pillow; and there, as the sun was appearing from behind the eastern hills, with his naked and frozen body all scarred and bleeding, he was found just before he closed his eyes to open them in that long eternity; and O what a scene it was to look upon! Man, created but a little lower than the angels, to be thus enslaved and worse than brutalized by King Alcohol!

Man is God's noblest work; he walks erect and lifts his head to the heavens above him; his mind soars forth in endless thought among the suns and worlds that display the grandeur, glory, and majesty of the God who created him in his own image and crowned him lord of creation. What breaks his scepter, tears the crown from his brow, and sends his soul to hell? O, could we call upon the moldering victims to wipe the crumbling grave-dust from their brows and stalk forth in their tattered shrouds and whitened skeletons to testify against this soul-destroying curse!

Snap your burning chains, ye denizens of the pit, and come up, sheeted in fire and dripping with the flames of hell, and with your trumpet tongues testify to a dying world against this beverage of eternal woe. Could we hoist the vail that hides from our view eternity and behold just for a moment those who have passed the portals of death through intemperance, the scene there exhibited would wake us up to a sense of our duty in this important work.

Should not every Christian man and woman and every good citizen put forth a helping hand

to remove this great evil from our midst, and save this nation from this widespread curse? Or will the Christian Church of this land of promise sit on the stool of indifference while the world around it is drifting to hell in streams of rum and carrying some of its own members along down to destruction?

Our prayers should be, "O Lord, make us all thy repentant, believing, consecrated, and ransomed followers; then the temptations, hurricanes, and thunderbolts of sin cannot deter us from duty. We should glory in having our names enrolled as laborers in this great cause of temperance, for at her approach the fountain of domestic affection sends forth its streams of joy and gladness like the sweet music of rippling waters among the green vales of home. She receives under her holy guardianship the loveliness of women and the innocence of childhood, and they are protected from a sea of evils. In her right hand are length of days and in her left are riches and honor.

THE SERMON.

BY REV. DR. KEYES.

"*Who slew all these?*"—2 Kings x, 9.

THE story of the whisky power, like the book which the prophet Ezekiel saw, is written within and without in lamentations and mourning and woe, and every day is adding new pages of shame and new chapters of sorrow to this dark volume of hell. You cannot pick up a single newspaper without hearing the clanking of the felon's chains or the cry of murder, or seeing the glare of burning homes, or the horrors of the gallows with its dangling victims—all, all the work of this whisky power.

On last Wednesday night, about ten o'clock, a man in the prime of life, in the most public part of our city, is found bleeding to death, the blood and brains oozing from two ghastly wounds in the head.

"A small revolver lying at his feet," says a newspaper paragraph, "was all there was to tell the tale, no one being near to see the tragic act."

A jury of six men, summoned to examine into the cause of this horrible episode in our city life, agree in finding that this murdered man "came to his death by a pistol-shot wound in the head, the pistol held in his own hand and its discharge caused by himself." Then with a reach of wondrous charity—a record of which

the City Council of Parsons ought to carve with immortal pride in the rocky pavement where the blood of the murdered Oscar Swineford poured out his life—the acting coroner ordered the firm of Ellis & Thornton—the firm that buries paupers and friendless vagabonds at public expense—"to give his body a decent burial!" And this is to wind up the story of his taking off and hush all curious questions as to "Who killed Oscar Swineford?" The jury say, "He came to his death by a pistol held in his own hand and discharged by himself." Gentlemen of the jury, permit me to traverse your verdict. Did he kill himself? Was he himself when he placed that instrument of death to his head and sent its deadly ball crashing through his brains? Was he himself? Would he have done that horrible deed, think you, if he had been entirely at himself? You don't believe it—not one of you believe it. Did you then, gentlemen of the jury, like honest men, endeavor to find out the root of this matter? Did you seek to find out where the fire started that burned to madness and quickened to desperation this poor, murdered wretch that lay before you, with the ghastly wounds looking you in the face? It is a principle in law that the perpetrator of a crime and the accessory to it are both alike guilty and both alike deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged, and justly hanged, on this principle. It applies to all crimes, to all violations of the laws of God and the laws of the land. "The accessory is alike guilty with the principal, and alike deserving of punishment." Who were the accessories, the associates, the accomplices in this bloody act, on which you have passed your verdict, "Died by his own act?" That act was not his own. The true self in man is the power of self-consciousness

and self-direction. As long as one has neither self-consciousness nor self-direction he is not himself, and it is only when he has the possession of his rational and moral faculties that he is in his true, responsible selfhood. Thus we say of the man who, in a state of delirium, smites to the ground by a deadly blow some dear friend and laughs at the ruin he has wrought, that "he is not himself" "and is not to be held criminally responsible before the law." He was not himself when he dealt that blow, and no law will challenge his act as a crime. The understanding had been blasted and turned into the darkness of night, the self-directing will had become unbalanced or destroyed, and all sense of responsibility blotted from the soul. The man was not himself.

But suppose now a sane person by some act, or a series of acts, brings about this destruction of whatever constitutes the man's moral and responsible selfhood, and does so knowing that he is unfitting that man for all intelligent, moral, and accountable action; that he is breaking all the bonds that hold that man in a course of safe living; that he is cutting every tie that binds him to the social humanities of life; that he is preparing him to become a dangerous monster among men, an incarnate devil, a demon of passion; that he is kindling a fire that will laugh at all restraints and burn up every beautiful and tender thing and leave the soul one parched, crispy cinder of ruin, capable of any deed of shame or blood, his whole nature frenzied and set on fire of hell, and that as a result of his act or series of actions the dagger will flash in the hands of that man, and then crimson in blood, and the bullet will crash and the brain ooze from the mangled skull. Tell me, gentlemen of the jury, how stands such a man, who lays the train and sets

in motion all this enginery of horror? Gentlemen of the jury, is he guilty or not guilty?

How reads your law? If a man sets fire to his grass without having duly notified his neighbors, so as to enable them to guard against all danger, and that fire crosses the bounds of his own acres and carries ruin to his neighbors, he shall be deemed guilty of a crime and shall suffer the severe penalty of the law. And shall a man be permitted to kindle his ruinous fires right in the soul of a fellow-man and destroy his moral manhood, and turn him into a fiend, into a thing of horror and blood, and yet stand acquitted at the bar of honest, unbought sentiment? No! no!

That man, or that set of men who clouded the understanding by their hellish work; who weakened and unbalanced the determining will; who blotted out the sense of right and responsibility; who fired the passions and intensified the reckless impulses of the viler nature until the man was lost in the brute—in the demon—and who, thus flung out into a wild whirlpool of frenzied, uncontrollable excitement, without thought or care for God or man, for heaven or hell, lets go of everything and drops quick down into the dark abysmal shades of eternal night—whose hands are red with the blood of responsible murder before God and before your unbought, untraded, and unmarketable conscience? If I take a heavy hammer and strike a man in the region of what the phrenologists term the moral organs, stunning his moral sense and moral control, and leave only the animal brain active and unchecked by the higher sense (suppose such a thing possible), would you not hold me accountable for what might grow out of this moral ruin? You might shut that man up in an asylum as one dangerous to so-

ciety and to himself, but you could never forget that he was not always so, that it was my hand that quenched the light of his intelligence and destroyed all that made him a moral being, walking forth under the sense of his accountability and royal manhood.

Years ago, when I had my home in the East, one summer day a mother started from a door of a rich mansion in the city of Reading, Pa., dressed in a snow-white garment. It was her wedding-dress, that in which she had stood at the sacred altar of love to unite her hand and life with one of the wealthiest citizens of that opulent center of trade and tireless enterprise. By her side tripped her two lovely girls, also dressed in white, while in her arms she held her baby love, a bright-eyed boy six months old; and hanging on one arm was a basket containing two bits of cord, perhaps three or four feet each in length. She walked the thronging streets out to the green berme of the canal, out and off beyond the city limits. The passer-by noted the great tear rolling upon her cheek, and many turned to watch her steps as she passed out and on beyond the gaze of the city's eye. Reaching a quiet, shady spot, she sat down. A plowman in a field on the other side of the bright Schuylkill River beheld her in her pause, and then saw the little white-robed girls gayly and laughingly gathering stones and filling the little basket which the mother held in her hand until it would hold no more. She then took one of the cords and bound that basket to her body and with the other bound her blue-eyed boy to her heart, and then kissing the little unsuspecting girls, who knew not what they had been doing as they gathered in their mirthful glee the stones for mother's basket, she folded them with her babe close to her breast and plunged for-

ward down the bank into the deep blue waters that flowed at her feet, weighted down—down by the basket of stones—mother and three children in one watery grave! When their bodies were borne to their once happy, but long since darkened home, the man who had once sworn his love to this woman dared not to pollute the presence of that sorrow by remaining in his own house. The community knew full well that it was he who by his baseness and cruelty and falseness before God and man, and his perjury to every vow of love, had wrought this ruin and drove that wife and mother to madness and death; and nothing but a powerful guard and the massive prison walls within which he retreated saved him from the vengeance of the angered people, who would have torn his soul from his body could they but have laid their hands on him.

True, it was her act, but he had blasted her home and crushed her heart and maddened her to very despair and death, and the whole people hissed between their teeth, "Blood! Blood!" as they pointed to him as the causative murderer of that woman and her babes.

And, gentlemen of the jury—no: I turn from that empanneled jury of six men to you, mothers; to you, wives; to you, sisters; to you, children, and ask, Who killed Oscar Swineford? These six men say that "he did it by his own hand." Do you believe that? Would he have done it had he not been crushed and cursed by the whisky hell-holes of Parsons? Not one of you believe that this man would have rushed unbidden into the presence of God had not these vile men engaged in defying the law fitted him for the horrible act—an act which was a most fitting exposition of the murderous influence of the whisky saloons in our midst. I hold these rumsellers of

our city as morally guilty of the murder of Oscar Swineford! They have been the accessories of this deed of body and soul murder; they inspired this man with the demon-spirit and dare-devil impulse which ended in the work of the deadly pistol on that sad, dark Wednesday night. If that man was a murderer before God, and "ye know no murderer hath eternal life," these men, who despoiled him of his manhood, and damned with the sense of "nothing worth living for," are the greater criminals, the worse murderers!

And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can the drunkard-maker? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible and every foundation-principle of morality, of truth, and eternal justice—are they not guilty of every crime that fills up the catalogue of sin and death? Men who for the sake of money will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting and poisoning the moral character and fitting their fellow-men for all villainy—men who for the sake of money will sow the seeds of mental and moral ruin; who for the sake of money will burden the community in which they live with paupers, crowd the jails and penitentiaries with felons and feed the gallows with its victims; men who for the sake of money will spread disease and feast the hungry grave with dead bodies and hell with lost souls —O, there is no language out of hell dark enough to speak the name of such a moral monstrosity but the name—Rumseller! Yes, Rumseller! Meanest and vilest name that ever fell like soot-flake from the burning lips of hell to darken the vocabulary of earth—Rumsellers! Ye incarnations of all villainy, ye murderers of the bodies and souls of men! I charge you before God with the murder of Oscar Swineford.

There is an old superstition that tells that if a murderer of a murdered man be compelled to place his hand on the dead body, at the touch of that hand the wound will pour out afresh the red stream of blood. Were this fable founded in reality I would have liked to call the roll of the whisky saloons in Parsons and have had every keeper of every groggery and every hell-hole pass before that jury and lay their foul hands on the body of their victim. I would have called the owners of the houses rented to sell whisky, and as they placed their hands on that murdered man I would have said, "You gentlemen, and you ladies—you respectable property owners who have given your houses out for this work of death—you are not a whit better than the rumseller; your house is stained with blood! Blood is at your door. You know that your house is doing a work of death. You know that your rental is blood money and that it is ringing with the cries of broken hearts! You know that your rental is the result of a work that is constantly creating paupers, manufacturing villains, filling our almshouses, jails, and penitentiaries—a work that produces more than three fourths of all the crime in the land—and yet for the sake of money you consent to give over the keys into the blood-red hands of the rumseller, who is feeling, wolflike, for the life veins of the fathers, the husbands, the brothers, and the sons of Parsons. Ah, your blood-stained rentals are carrying ruin unto many a home of this city, despoiling many a hearthstone of comfort, and covering many, many of our children with beggary and rags, and, worse than poverty or death, crushing out from the hearts of loved ones all that is noble and manly, and turning them into loathsome brutes, abhorred lepers, miserable drunkards! We point you to the bars,

the saloons, the cellars, the stalls all covered with the blood of souls, in the houses which you own, and in which you knowingly permit this work of robbery and murder, and we press before you the bony forms of the starving children that have been robbed of their bread by these houses; and while you ride out in your splendid carriages we shake in your faces the rags with which they have covered their victims; and while you build up wealth and fortunes out of the blood and souls of your fellow-men we go to your blood-stained homes and crape your doors and windows in mourning; for yours is the house of death. And we thunder in your ears the word of Almighty God:

"Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong. . . . He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."

"Woe unto him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil! Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."

Property owners, you are guilty before God of whatever crimes grow out of that business to which you lend your property, knowing it to be a business of robbery and blood! I would not possess the whisky rentals of these houses, no, not for God's world! Blood is on them and God's curse is on them.

Nor can I hold as guiltless of this murder our City Council, by whose act, and with deliberate intention, the sellers of rum have been emboldened to defy the law.

With the price of "blackmailery" in your hands you consent that these law violators shall pursue their murderous business without interference from you; you, who ought to be the legal guardians of the city's morality and the stern maintainers of law and order! Instead of that you stultify your honest manhood, you ally yourselves with the lawbreakers, you become a party with the men who are imperiling the peace and prosperity of our community, you consent to betray every principle of honor and get down on your knees in the dirt under the slimy feet of the vile whisky ring in Parsons; and for what? Gentlemen of the Council, if there's a brand of shame darker than Cain's you deserve it! You did this act of splendid infamy to create a revenue, did you? Why did you not set on foot a monster cholera breeder? or establish poisonous swamps in every ward, green with the scum of death, that would engender fevers and pleurisies and leprosy, and then establish a coffin factory to create a demand for lumber, and so help our people to pay their taxes? Or why do you not spread the smallpox among the people, that they may die the faster, and thus bring in a couple hundred dollars more to your coffin factory? You might get a "start" of smallpox at the Belmont. It has had its Marvins and others of no better conscience or morality; then it had its "smallpox"—the best thing it ever had since I have known it.

Had you, men of the Council, placed the city officially on the side of law this murder had not happened; Oscar Swineford would be living to-day. He was not the worst of men. A man who carries with him in all his wanderings a mother's likeness, a child's photograph, has some good spot in his heart. But how shall I speak of

that mother? Is she yet living? The smallest funeral I ever attended met in this church one wild, stormy day last week. A mother had borne her son to this place for more than two hundred miles west of Kansas City. Last November death had smitten him with his cold, relentless hand, and he had been given to the dust close by that distant "ranch" home, expecting that to be his slumber-bed until the waking of the last day; but failing health forced that mother to seek a milder clime, and she bore her dead boy to Parsons that she might lay his body in your cemetery. "Here," said she, as she told the story of her sorrow, "here, in this house, my Walter used to come every Sabbath to the Sunday school, and it was in this town that he gave his heart to Christ and took on him the name of Jesus and united with the Church, and I could not bear to leave him behind." And as I stood before that mother, and the friend that came with her, and the undertaker (these forming the whole funeral congregation), I could say, "Mother, weep not; 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' your Walter is not lost, only gone before, and your failing health tells that the separation will not be long; not long, mother; you shall meet Walter soon!

> 'O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
> So free from all sorrow and pain;
> With songs on your lips, and with harps in your hands,
> To meet your dear Walter again.'"

But what message must I bear to the mother of Oscar Swineford, should it be mine to meet her on earth? "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God!" Weep, mother, weep! Rachael-like refuse to be comforted! Mother, we killed your boy! we killed your

boy, but we gave him a decent burial—a decent burial! And who were the mourners at that funeral? The men who stand before God as his murderers? The saloon-keepers that robbed him of his money, that poisoned his soul and held him in their pirate tolls till they had crushed out all of hope, and dragging him down lower and lower, until out their hands he drops into the agonies of an eternal hell—were they there? And the owners of the houses whose rentals are deep-stained with the blood of Oscar Swineford—were they there? And the lawyers, who for a price sell their souls and their consciences, their manhood, their truthfulness, their honor, their God, their humanity, that they may do the dirty, lying work of the rumsellers—were they there? And the men who are under solemn oath to enforce the law as they find it, but who use their position to make the lawbreakers safe; whose official acts are studied efforts to serve the whisky ring, to nullify the law, to make it inefficient, and who, while technically clear, perhaps, of perjury, are morally false to their oaths of office, and as much the servants of rum as though they held a "retainer" to do its work—were they there? And our Town Council, was it represented as chief of the pallbearers at this decent burial of Oscar Swineford in their potter's field? Ah, poor Oscar Swineford! What cared these men for the shame of the potter's field? They had gotten your money; they had robbed you of your honor, crushed out your manhood, blasted your every hope, and damned you to a drunkard's hell! What cared they for your potter's field burial? Yes, mother, we gave him a decent burial, such a burial as the rumseller always gives his victims, in the pauper's grave, in the potter's field! Wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, your hus-

bands, your sons, your brothers, your fathers may come in next for a decent burial at the hands of our rumsellers! They are doing their work of ruin in their hidden dens of robbery and murder every day, and, tigerlike, they are licking their insatiate lips for the blood of your dear ones! And you, women of Parsons, unless this work of death is stopped, will have pressed to your lips a cup of shame and sorrow that will wring your hearts with a bitterness worse than a thousand deaths!

Do you say "No danger?" Listen then to the story of this demon's work as it comes from the lips of John B. Gough, who has seen more of its blight and ruin than any other man. Said he, "A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the doorstep clapping his hands and exclaiming, 'Papa has come!' He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. The minister said to me 'I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hall. There was his child, dead! there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep'—a man about thirty years of age asleep with a dead child in the house having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around and a wife upon the brink of the grave! 'Mr. Gough,' said my friend, 'I cursed the drink. He told me that I must remain until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I

will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah, my child!' That minister said further to me, 'One year after that he was brought from an insane asylum, to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended the funeral.' The minister of the Gospel who told that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston. Now tell me what rum will not do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute, and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and Godlike in a human being There is nothing that drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking, or hellish. No man, no family is safe against its deadly power. Then are we not to fight till the day of our death?"

A silver star set in the floor marks the spot where Garfield fell when the assassin's bullet went tearing through his body in the work of death. And could I will it the spot where Oscar Swineford fell would be marked—yes, *marked!*—not by a silver star, but by a never-drying, ever-running stream of blood! And I would give it voice and utterance, and it should cry out day and night, "Murder! murder! blood! blood!" against the rumsellers of Parsons!

THE END.

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